

# **EXHIBIT 11**

## THE ROAD TO CHARLOTTESVILLE AND THE SHUTTENING

Azzmador

Daily Stormer

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By now you've all seen many videos and news stories about the #UniteTheRight event in Charlottesville that happened on Saturday, August 12th, 2015, which is now the pinnacle event of what is known by some as The Summer of Hate, or, my new preferred sobriquet, The Summer of Fascism. Either term is fitting, as has been exactly fifty years since the vaunted "Summer of Love" that basically consisted of a pack of perverted, Cultural Marxist Jews manipulating a few million spoiled brats into rebelling against Mommy and Daddy by embracing free love," meaning irresponsible, random sex with a false claim of no consequences, experimentation with all forms of mind altering drugs, silly eastern mysticism, communism in many forms, including violent terroristic insurrection as seen in many groups such as The Weather

Underground and The Symbionese Liberation Army, and as many other forms of degeneracy as you can possibly imagine.



*Do the world a favor and KYS, hippie. Your time is over.*

So, on to my personal recollection of the events.

I was a scheduled speaker for the event. The plan was to arrive Friday, early enough for the torch walk, get settled in at the large airbnb we had rented which would sleep twenty, and where I would be able to get set up for the historic podcast I had been plotting since first learning of the event. So Thursday afternoon, I was picked up at my house by the State commander of Vanguard Texas, who were kind enough to offer me a ride all the way there and back. The two of us proceeded to Texarkana, where we met up with my guys from the DFW Stormer Book Club and many members of Vanguard and several other groups. We met at a Chik-Fil-A and had a bite to eat while waiting on stragglers. Finally, close to sunset, we had everyone together and ready to go as a caravan.



*Azzmador's crew is best crew, always!*

First, we proceeded to the nearest Wal-Mart, just across the Arkansas border to purchase a bunch of tiki torches and tiki torch fuel. Several of the crew bought various other necessities. This Wal Mart was in a highly Negro-enriched part of Texarkana, and it was funny to see the reaction of the dindus to a large group of Whites wearing fashy shirts and openly making racial remarks and laughing and having fun, with no fear at all. It was quite the comeuppance for these dindus, and they reacted mainly by being scared and confused.

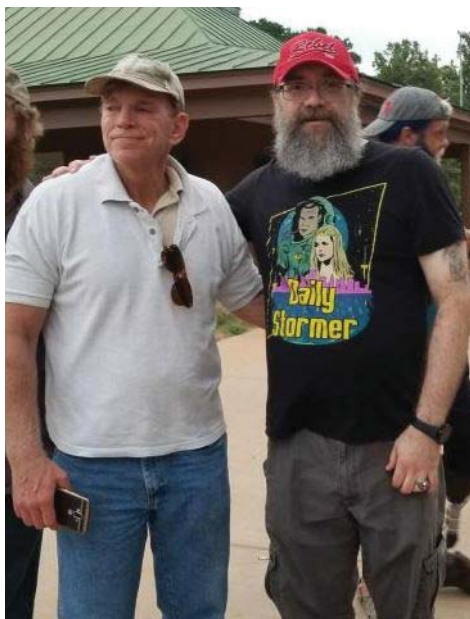
**As we went back to the trucks and vans, the first sign of The Shuttening reared it's ugly head.**

Despite having the airbnb rented by a young lady with no online evidence she was in any way associated with the Alt Right, we received notice that the airbnb had been cancelled, one day before check-in time, and the money would not be refunded until fifteen days later.

Now, such underhanded shenanigans will never deter a group of good fascists, so a couple of Vanguard guys got on the phone and I got on Expedia and we rented rooms for everyone in the next town over. Problem solved.

The rest of the trip there was pretty uneventful, and I enjoyed the beautiful scenery. My anticipation and excitement grew ever greater as we neared our destination.

Finally, on Friday afternoon, we arrived, quickly got everyone settled in, and My SBC bros and I headed over to McIntire Park for the planning meeting. There were all manner of Alt Right personalities there. I met Christopher Cantwell, Eli Mosley, Zeiger and his hardy band of French Canadians, and many more. That was fantastic, but the real treat was meeting the man himself, Dr. David Duke!



*A historic day!*

As many of my readers and listeners are aware, I had been a fan of Dr. Duke since I saw him on a local news station's interview show at the tender age of nine or ten (I remember the year, just not what time of year), and I don't mind telling you, this was an item ticked off my bucket list.

We had a very productive planning meeting, and at it's conclusion we all headed over to the University of Virginia for the much anticipated Torch Walk. I knew this thing was going to be glorious, but no one, including yours truly, could have possibly anticipated how extremely glorious it would be!

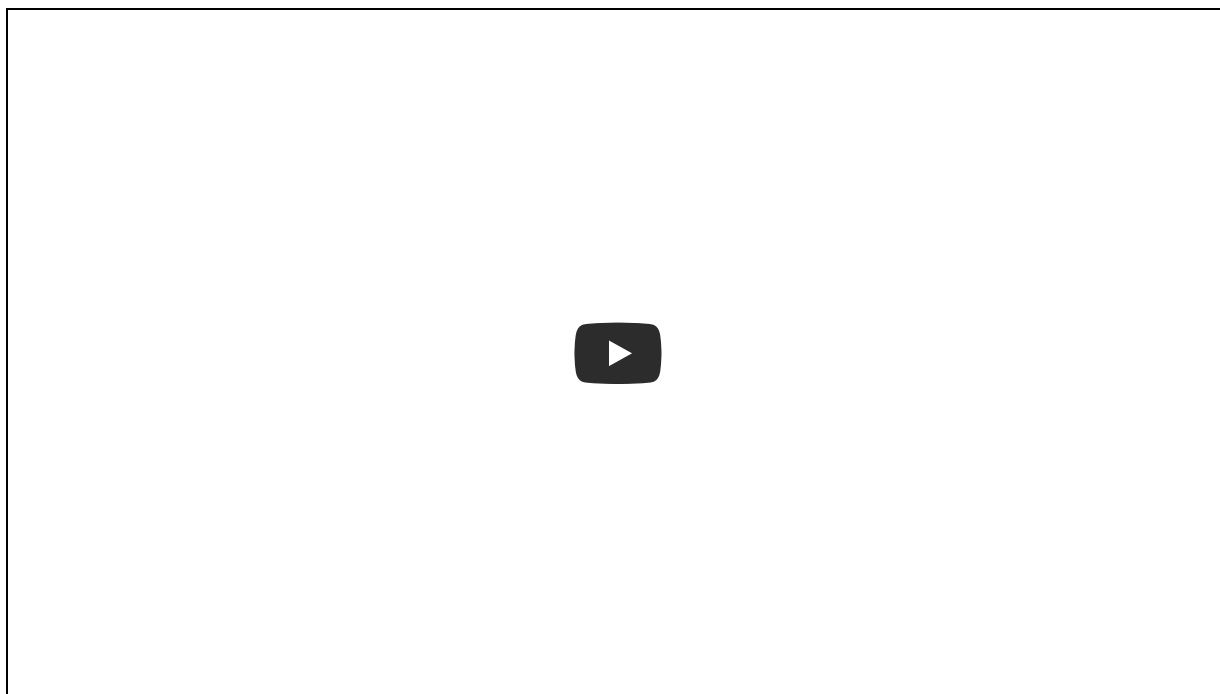


As you can see, there were way more than the 100 to 120 people the judenpresse initially tried to Jew everyone into believing. Official estimates say it numbered between 500 and 600, but judging by the aerial drone footage, I wouldn't be surprised if the number wasn't higher.

Despite the police having assured us they would not allow counter-protesters to block our path, which would certainly have been the prudent thing for public officials to do, so as to avoid the violence that these degenerate anti-White anti-Americans always attempt to cause, there was almost no police presence, and the few who were there were standing way off to the side, watching and doing nothing as a bunch of these commie critters blocked a monument directly in our path.

They had their arms linked, chanting "Black Lives Matter" and "No Nazis, No KKK, No Facist USA!" over and over like the mindless morons they are. I was right in front facing them, and this mustachioed, bespectacled Jew who was standing in the front of his group chanting suddenly noticed me and grabbed the guy next to him and said "there he is, that's Azzmador!"

At that precise moment I felt pepper spray hit my right forehead and cheek. Thanks to my glasses, and the fact that I've been sprayed enough times that I'm able to suppress the instinct to try to wipe it off with my hands, I was neither blinded nor deprived of my breath, and the extreme burning sensation merely brought out my inner Sasquatch at ever greater power levels! At that same instant, several of the other leftists attacked with fists and more pepper spray, and IT WAS ON!



As you can see, just like I said before, we went through them like shit through a goose!



As my guys were pulling me out of the fray I saw Chris Cantwell, covered in pepper spray, blinded and burning up, but still laughing and in good spirits. I grabbed him by the arm and said “Chris, it’s Azz, come with us,” and we led him over to a bench where a cop was telling everyone who had been sprayed with OC to sit and await first aid.

After about 20 minutes, when no aid was coming, at least from the cops, and one of our guys got him into almost normal shape by pouring water on him, I suggested we leave the bench, as it seemed fishy that they would just have us sit there forever. We reveled with the crowd for a while and decided to head back to the motel and get some rest for the next big day.

On the way back, I got a call from one of my Texas guys. They had parked in a church parking lot, and antifa had come by and broken out every single window in the rental van. How do I know it was antifa? They left a note saying it was them! Fortunately, one of these drug addled idiots thought it would be a good idea to punch out the windshield with his fist. Copious amounts of his or her or it’s blood and flesh were left on the jagged glass.





Of course, this caused no harm to anyone but the rental van company and the idiot who broke the windshield. The van had rental insurance, so one quick call to the agency and another vehicle was delivered to the site of this crime post-haste.

The next morning was rally time!

We got to McIntire park early so as to make sure and get parking spaces there, as there was armed security present to ensure that no such vandalism would occur that day.

The event was very organized at this point. There were many shuttle vans dropping people off and returning to load up again.

It was at the drop-off point that I realized how badly the city and it's worthless police department had purposely screwed us. Rather than cordon off the street in front of the rally itself, they made us all get out several blocks away and walk past protesters all the way to the park. At the street in front of Lee Park where the entrance was, we were met by a crowd of screeching leftist flotsam and jetsam, who thought they were going to block our entry. They thought wrong. They basically either got out of our way or folded up with little to no resistance as we forced our way through. Cornel West, along with a few lesbian "ministers" and a muzz or two, was standing at one entrance, arms lined, as though that would stop us. We went right through it, and I gave this affirmative action dindu professor a few choice words, inches from his face. He was so scared, I'm sure he needed new underwear.



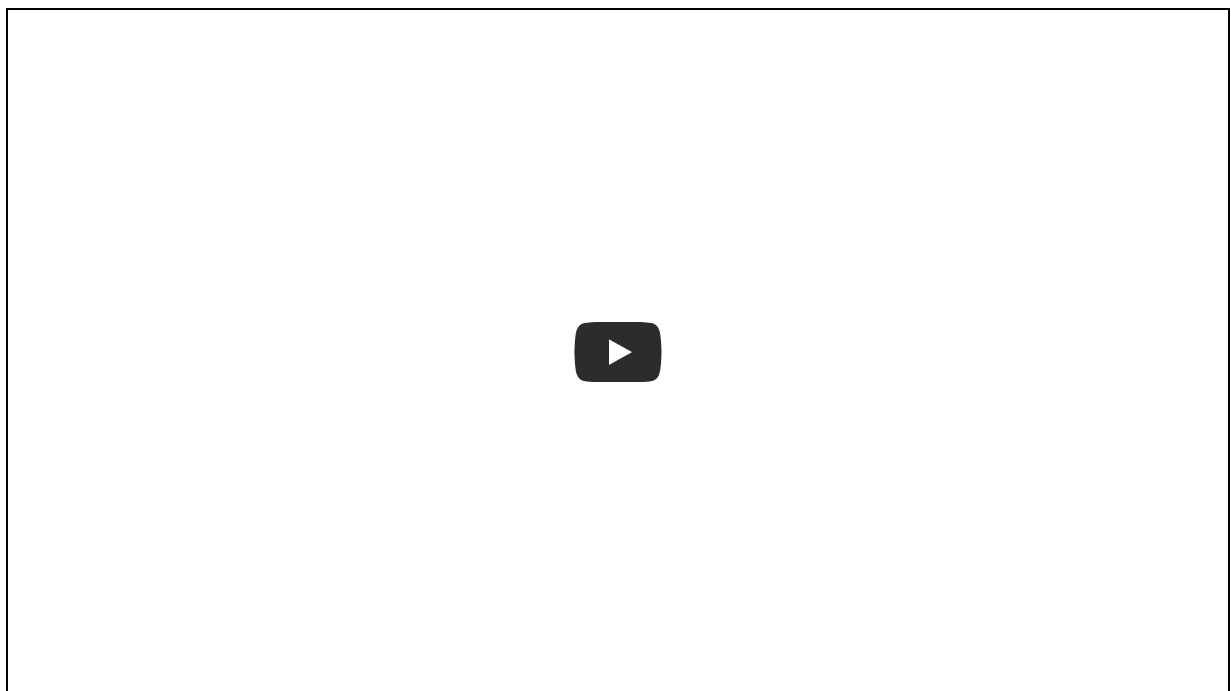
*I beez a pahfessah! I beez gone stop you rayciss peoples!*



This was part of the area we had a permit for, in fact, it was the area where the statue and the microphone was located, but it was gated off from the other half of the park, and informed that we were not allowed in there until noon, when the event was scheduled to begin. When we asked how they wanted us to get into the other half of the park where the other rally goers were forced into a triangular pen like cattle in a feed lot, the cops directed us back the way we came in, which meant we had to go back through the satanic preachers and walk another block past the opposition, who didn't try to get in front of us and stop us this time, but who stood a foot or so away from us and began spitting, throwing urine and feces, pepper spraying, and attacking with acid. Fortunately, spit was the worst thing I endured, and I don't think anyone in my particular group got any worse than that, but many others did.

As we entered the park, escorted in past the men of Vanguard America and Identity Europa who were preventing the commies from bum-rushing the event, I heard many people cry out "AZZMADOR!!" I must have shaken a thousand hands that day, and signed many autographs, several of them on copies of Mein Kampf, and took loads of pics with Daily Stormer fans. It was a great feeling. It really hit home to me for the first time that day what a huge effect our work here at Daily Stormer has had on so many fine people, and I was simultaneously honored and humbled by it.

We then began The Daily Stormer Experience! I began speaking to the viewers of the livestream, and Zeiger, Lee Rogers, and Ben Garland joined me. We had Jason Kessler speak to the Stormers, and Dr. David Duke addressed you all twice. He and I had a great, albeit short, talk about Jews and how they are our foremost problem. Everything was going along swimmingly.





Then, just as they called the speakers to come over by the microphone to prepare for the speeches, suddenly all the cops no one could find when they were needed to keep the peace announced that our event had been declared an “illegal assembly.”

Bear in mind that we had gotten a permit for the event, then the city canceled the permit, then, with the help of the ACLU, got a federal magistrate to force them to honor the permit. The rule of law and the constitution are certainly dead.

Despite the attendees moving out of the park immediately, slowed only by confusion as to which way to go and where, the police began battering them with clubs, shields, and tear gas immediately.

As we were leaving the park, I saw Chris Cantwell, pepper sprayed again!

We had to march past a much more violent crowd of leftists this time. The Negroes were agitating for violence and in many cases, they got it. Vice was following along, and when we got to a spot where the vans could come get us, they jumped in with us! What a bunch of presumptuous turds!

Cantwell and my guys wanted to throw them out, but I had a plan. I said it was okay, then informed Ellie Reeve that if she didn't interview me, I was throwing them out to the debauched commies, hungry for blood.

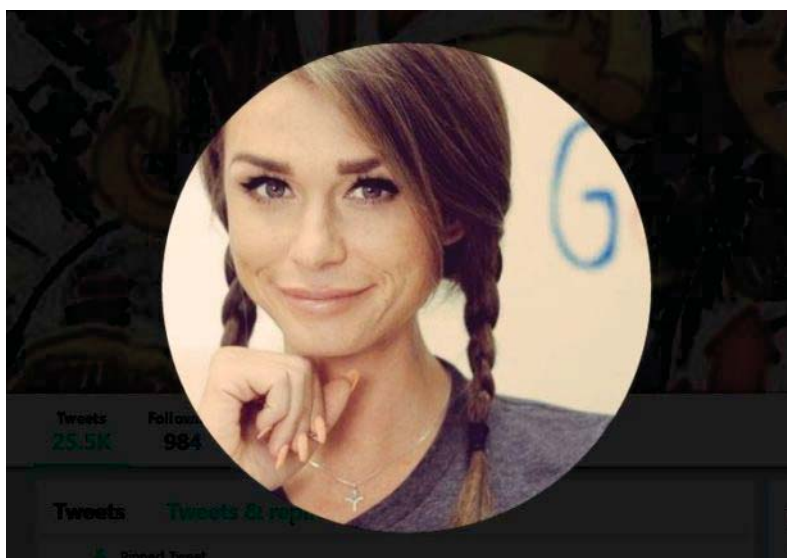
She interviewed me.



Later that evening, at the very last minute, we found a spot to record the historic, greatest podcast in the history of podcasts! We got all my equipment together and headed to an airbnb that had somehow not been canceled, and got everything set up as quickly as possible. Many have complained about the sound, but let me tell you, my sound guy had never seen my mixer or any of the other equipment before, and this place had no internet, nor was it a good recording environment. The place had no internet, so he figured out a way to get Andrew Anglin and weev on via cell phone, and the fact that he was able to even make anything work at all was a testament to his skill.

This was the show that got Faith Goldy fired.

Ezra Levant: Why we had to say goodbye to Faith Goldy



*From now on, she will be known as FASH GOLDY!*

It's really too bad that (((Levant))) Jewed her in such a despicable manner, but Jews gonna Jew, amirite?

At any rate, we had a fabulous show, and a great time was had at the afterparty that was going on all around us.

Then one more night in the hotel and it was back to Texas.

This event was a huge victory for the Alt Right. Don't believe any of the crap the MSM is peddling. Have a look for yourself and you decide.

This is just the beginning.

**HAIL VICTORY!**

